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Very Scarce - Suppressed
by the Author by - very
known in the Book
Perfect in the

FUGITIVE PIECES.

————— *coacta prodire.*

WRITTEN BY

J. P. K E M B L E.

Y O R K:

PRINTED BY W. BLANCHARD AND CO. FOR THE
AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY FIELDING AND
WALKER, LONDON; AND T. WILSON AND
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MDCCLXXX.



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P R E F A C E.

I Declare I hardly know how to say what justice to myself obliges me to say.—The public hears daily of so many unlucky Poets, who become publishers from the same fate that ranges me in their class, that I am apprehensive the truth, when told, will not serve me as an apology, but the effect of constraint be reputed the wish of presumption.

The course of my studies first gave me a taste for Poetry, and the sweetness of the art inspired me with an inclination to improve it.—The few who saw my verses
said

764498

said they liked them, and would sometimes ask for a copy of what they had seen.—The first pleasure I know is to please; and indeed I thought complying with their requests an easy return for the obligation of their praise.—They had copies, and in their high opinion of me gave copies to others, who soon circulated some of my pieces, as particular favours to particular friends, through half a dozen editions, of which three or four were generally very incorrect.

To prevent this evil from spreading, I have here collected in one small book those verses of which I have ever given
 copies,

copies, as far as remembrance and possession have permitted me.

All parents have a partiality to their own child—so every Writer has a partiality to the productions of his own brain, that would rather they were seen in a perfect than an imperfect situation—and when a man's writings must unavoidably be delivered into the hands of the public, a decent respect for his own character, and good manners to his fellow-creatures will oblige him to endeavour, as much as possible, that they may not excite a contempt for himself, nor be entirely useless and disgusting to his readers.

YORK, 1780.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

HEBE'S BIRTH-DAY.

ADDRESSED TO

Miss ———.

THE Queen of Paphos' flow'ry groves
Ascends her dove-borne car;
Cupid, the Graces, and the Loves
Shed odours thro' the air.

Soon *Cythera* reach'd the skies;

Each God that day was there—

She rais'd to *Jove* her wat'ry eyes,

And thus prefer'd her pray'r:

“ No more mankind invokes my pow'r,

“ Nor ardent vows arise

“ From doting bosoms, love's no more,

“ My *Cupid's* influence dies.

“ His bow, his arrows he has thrown

“ Quite uselefs from his arms—

“ See, where the Sister *Graces* moan

“ In negligence of charms.

“ To-day springs forth to life below

“ A Babe of honour'd line;

“ There let each God some boon bestow,

“ And stamp the Nymph divine.”

She spoke—*Jove* gave th' assenting nod,

His thunders took their way;

He then commanded that each God

The Queen of Love obey.

First came the *Graces* hand in hand

And gave her all their ease,

O'er ev'ry heart supreme command

And elegance to please,

Apollo and the *Muses* Nine

Their heav'nly gifts impart,

Wit, music, poesy divine

And sense to form the heart;

Jove gave his light'ning to her eyes,

Gay *Bacchus* lasting youth,

Momus with laughter shook the skies

And added smiling truth,

Cupid

Cupid heard all—but knew not how

The sky's applause to gain,

Till in her smiles he spy'd his bow,

And bad it there remain.

Venus transported saw the Maid,

And, her delight to prove,

Cupid, attend on her, she said,

For Hebe's Queen of Love.

M A Y.

HO W joyful the golden-trefs'd God thro' the sky

Diffuses his all-forming ray !——

See, the temperate hours, as round him they fly,

Drop roses to crown the new May.

Each many-plum'd songster that lives in yon grove

Gives voice to his green-kirtled spray,

And when he pours forth the soft tale of his love,

Concludes with a sonnet to May.

The brooks that sweet vi'lets and thyme flow among

Their babbling course wantonly stay,

Till hearing the chorus of Nature's glad song

They purl on in honour of May.

Nor let me forget while enraptur'd I sing

The honour that's due to this day——

To heighten the transports I taste in the Spring,

I'll make Hebe Queen of the May.

T H E W I S H,

ARchly-smiling, dimpled Boy,
Son of *Venus*, God of Love,
Grant my heart, the feat of joy,
May thy temple ever prove !
Let me sing and laugh all day,
Sweetly pass my nights away,
Then arising taste with you
Blessings lasting, Raptures new !

H E B E.

H E B E:

LOOK to my lambkins—once again

Daphnis shall try the Sylvan strain—

And fetch me, boy, the fav'rite pipe I hung

Love-lorn on yonder elm; it oft has rung

In happier days

With Hebe's praise,

Till vallies, and hills, and the woods all around

To yon river in concert re-echo'd the sound,

Which love-freighted bore the name

Far adown his winding stream,

Repeating it with fond delay,

While from bank to bank the joy

Spread till—Where's my pipe, my boy—

Till like my hopes, alas! it dy'd away,

Why

Why do I sigh?

Dost know, my pipe?--Now speak--I've caught the sound

That lifts me high,

That bids me run my wonted careless round,

Bids me again to kinder fair one's rove,

And *Hebe* leave who slights my proffer'd love.

T H E

THE INCONSTANT.

ARound the plain secure I rov'd,
 With ev'ry nymph wou'd toy,
 Wou'd laugh and kifs—but never lov'd
 Beyond the moment's joy.
 Cupid resolv'd to faare my heart
 Each blooming Beauty tries,
 But sent the love-inspiring dart
 From Hebe's sparkling eyes.
 Since then I've lov'd—but lov'd in vain,
 Gay grandeur charms my fair—
 She scorns my sighs—Ah! lucklefs fwain,
 Thy portion is despair.

B

SALLY

S A L L Y

O F T H E

M E A D.

ONE morn when nymphs and swains were gay
And danc'd upon the green,
From mirth poor *Jemmy* fled away
To mourn his lot unseen—
In tears the am'rous Boy complains
Close by the murm'ring Tweed,
The sad, sad burthen of his strains
Was *Sally* of the Mead.
My *Sally* did each nymph surpass
Who trips the flow'ry plain,
Once she was thought the loveliest lass,
And I the happiest swain—

To please her was my sole employ,

To her I tun'd my reed,

And, morn and eve, my only joy

Was *Sally* of the Mead.

While yet the morn was clad in grey

I rose to court her love,

Thro' flow'ry fields I took my way

And then her garland wove—

Tho' Rose and Lily both were there

To deck her charming head,

That was less sweet, and this less fair

Than *Sally* of the Mead.

Now she no more shall glad my eyes,

No more my song inspire,

From me the faithless fair-one flies

To bless the richer 'Squire—

Yet may her heart know nought but joy,¹

Nor e'er repent this deed—

Jemmy can lay him down—and die

For *Sally* of the Mead.

O D E

O D E

A D

S O M N U M.

QUEM mihi semper reperi vocanti,

Sonne, præsentem, posito sub umbra

Posco nunc adfis, graviam laborum,

Dulce lenimen.

Tu mari merfus Lybico notâsti

Dum polos magni, *Palinure*, vires

Morpheos nôsti properantis in te

Tristia fata.

An prius dicam rabiðæ *Junonis*

Furias victas, vigilemque monte

Somniis *Iâs* Dominum solutum

Lumina centum?

Quin

Quin *Jovem* magnum, Superûm Parentem

Vincit en *Morpheus*—et aguntur omni

Troës e campo, superante *Somno*

Fulmina cœli.

En Deus, voto toties vocatus

Supplici, fegnis comitatus astat

Somniis vanis, oculos cruentos

Vertice merfus !

Fert manu virgam, tacitæque *Lethes*

Poculo facto *Stygiâ* cupressû

Rora ; circumdat gravidum papaver

Tempora rugis

Indecora—illum comitatur ales

Noctis—in *Vatem* levioire tractu

Serpit, et vincit lyricas amantem

Tangere chordas.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

T O A P L A Y

ACTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF

T H E I N F I R M A R Y

I N L E E D S.

SOON as *Compassion*—Glory of our Isle—

With modest elegance had rais'd yon pile,

Where kindly Science to each aching grief,

Each sad mischance administers relief,

Commerce beheld it—and her looks confess

The sprightly joy that danc'd within her breast——

Thus *Commerce* sung—“To you, my children, peace!”—

She sung—and smiling wav'd her GOLDEN FLEECE—

“ 'Tis yours, my sons, with tend'rest care to heal

“ The varied mis'ries Poverty may feel;

“ 'Tis

- “ 'Tis yours the sinking frame of Age to rear,
“ 'Tis yours to shed the sympathetic Tear,
“ 'Tis yours Misfortune's keenest pangs to ease—
“ And yours shall be the meed of acts like these.
“ While this bright sun illumines the face of day,
“ While yonder moon reflects one silver ray,
“ So long Abundance shall your guest remain
“ To deck the board, and whistle o'er the plain.
“ Quickly with her, of ev'ry good the Queen,
“ White Peace her gentle sister shall be seen.
“ I see her now descending from the sky
“ To banish War and bid Rebellion fly.
“ Industry now has all my sails unfurl'd,
“ Now sends my honest treasures o'er the world;
“ Now pleas'd the mines of either Inde I view
“ Relinquish, my sons, their many stores to you—

“ For

“ For you are bounteous as the Hand of Heav'n,

“ And feel why riches were to mortals giv'n.”

Thus *Commerce* sung—and here in furtive verse

Have I presum'd the carol to rehearse—

Where praise is merited, let praise be giv'n—

To honour virtue is to act like Heav'n.

And sure your gen'rous deeds may well demand

That Angels sing them to the list'ning land ;

For mindful ever of wealth's first, best end,

You bid the Poor in you behold a FRIEND.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE
TO THE
FOUNDLING,
ACTED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in YORK,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

FROM the mild regions of her native sky,
O'er BRITAIN'S Isle sweet *Pity* cast her eye—
She cast—and Sorrow heav'd her melting breast,
As to her view pale *Sickness* stood confest.

Here treach'rous *Waste* attains her end by stealth,
And, flatt'ring, slowly saps the base of health.
There *Fevers* shoot through ev'ry swelling vein,
Now fire the lawless blood, now rack the brain.—

Daughter

Daughter of Hell, a direr fiend than War,
 With hasty stride *Plague* rushes from afar!—
 Her savage pleasure grows on spreading death,
 And Parent Nations orphan'd by her breath.

Who sits on yonder stone with hollow eye
 And hand out-stretch'd, imploring charity?
 'Tis hungry *Famine*—"Thou shalt ask no more,"
 Cry'd one—"but die, and shame that rich man's door."—
 Who was't so cry'd?—The Monarch of the Dead,
 As from yon grave he rear'd his meagre head.
Pity with smiles beheld his friendly blow,
 And hail'd him—Curer of a cureless woe.—

She spoke, and foaming *Phrenzy* darted by,
 Strength in his hand, and murder in his eye—
 Sadly she sigh'd, and as she turn'd away
 Heard calmer *Melancholy's* pensive lay—

The love-lorn Virgin, wand'ring thro' the gloom
Of yew-bound church-yards and the mould'ring tomb,
Sung to the Moon of "*Marg'ret's* grimly ghost,"
Of *Henry's* broken vows, and *Emma* lost.

Here *Pity* wept—and from her tears arose
A kind ASYLUM for the mad-one's woes.

Hail to the wond'rous art that can dispense
The genial floods of renovated sense!
And blessings crown your breasts who feel these woes,
As far the heaviest human nature knows!

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E

T O

B E L I S A R I U S.

They're busy yonder—so I've slip'd away
 To give you my opinion of the Play.
 'Tis very, very low—and on my life
Bayes makes sad blunders with his injur'd Wife:
 There's not a spark of breeding in her nature,
 A doting, doleful, humdrum, pretty creature!—
 He and our ill-bred Manager 'tis clear
 Want to invade the charters of the fair;
 Wou'd have us silent—bid us keep our houses—
 Instruct our families—and love our spouses—
 But we know better—thanks to education,
 Example, foreign manners, and the fashion.

Stay—

Stay—I'll recount my suff'rings one by one,
Then be you judges what I should have done.

Three years from bed and board did *Marcus* stay—
I'd serv'd him rightly had I gone astray.

A fool!—To foreign climes for battles roam?—

Faith, the best battles may be fought at home.

Well—he returns—gives credit to a lie,

Becomes a bubble—and his wife must die.

Thank Fate, our Lords ask gentler expiation,

They wou'dn't wish to murder half the nation—

Madam's divorc'd, lives with her country friends,

He finds a Mistress, and the squabble ends.—

Next *Belisarius* in a frantic mood

Resolves to wash my guilt out with my blood—

A pretty life between them both I lead,

And the plague is, I never did the deed.

“ Think

“Think of my fame”—“My fondness,”—says the other,
 And adds, “Ah! how unlike thy virtuous Mother!”
 Unlike indeed!—What Belle can bear the road
 In which her prim Progenetrix has trod?—
 Next—But I’ll not repeat such odious stuff—
 I’m sure you’ve heard absurdity enough.

These my objections to the Bard I made
 Before his *Be—li—fa—ri—us* was play’d—
 Wou’d you believe it?—Says the tasteless creature,
 “Madam, I always strive to copy Nature.”

E C L O G U E.*

N I G H T.

D E S P A I R.

ADDRESSED TO

Mrs. — —.

HIS sportive lambs repos'd in gentle rest,

Thus *Daphnis* fung the sorrows of his breast—

“ Ah me! the day—when o'er the jocund green

“ *Daphnis* the first to lead the dance was seen

“ On blythesome reed the frolic round I play'd,

“ Envy'd by swains, admir'd by ev'ry maid;

“ To

* This is the last of four Eclogues—MORNING—NOON—EVENING—NIGHT—It is the only one of them published at present, because no friend of mine has yet distributed to his friend any copies of the others.

“ To lift my strains my lambs have left their food,
“ And fondly seem'd to say my strains were good—
“ Oh! they were sweet—my pipe was tun'd to love,
“ And *Hebe's* name made vocal ev'ry grove.
“ Those joys are past—no more the tinkling stream
“ Shall stay its course to dwell on that lov'd name ;
“ No more the vale my merry notes shall hear
“ Far other feelings wait upon despair.
“ *Hebe*, how oft I've brush'd the glist'ring dew,
“ And pluck'd the pride of vernal morns for you!—
“ The virgin Lily, with the blushing Rose,
“ And blue-ey'd Vi'let for your wreath I chose,
“ And, while I bound it on your temples, stole
“ Kisses that thrill'd with rapture to my soul!—
“ Am I not now as fair as when you said
“ A lovelier youth ne'er bless'd a happy maid?

“ Alas! some other swain has caught your eye—

“ He cannot be so true, so fond as I.

“ Unmov'd cou'd *Daphnis* hear his *Hebe* moan!

“ No—He'd bewail her sorrows as his own;

“ On the green turf he'd seat him by his dear,

“ Give for each look, a sigh—each sigh, a tear;

“ The lovely mourner to his bosom press,

“ Partake the cause, and lessen her distress

“ But wherefore witless do I thus complain?

“ Relentless *Hebe* laughs at all my pain——

“ Why wake my lambskins?—Sure they cannot know,

“ They heed not, feel not for their master's woe.

“ Some happier youth at dawn with careful crook

“ Shall guide you bleating to the limpid brook;

“ Shall 'tend a-field the fleecy flocks I bred,

“ Pride of the vale, and riches of the mead——

“ My

“ My Friends, my Father, and my native Home,

“ This tear is yours—to distant plains I roam——

“ Adieu the well-known rill, the field, the grove!—

“ Absence perhaps may soothe the pangs of Love.”

Night check'd her yoke to hear the artless swain,

And wept that faithful Love should love in vain.

A
P I C T U R E
O F
H E L E N.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY — —.

Repentant *Helen* sought the silent shade,
And wept to think what ruin she had made. .
Reflection shews a Husband's injur'd peace,
Hears the deep curses of unpeopled *Greece*,
Points to the story of her ruin'd fame,
And future ages shudd'ring at her name.
Lovely in guilt the great Adult'refs stood,
Saw *Phrygia's* plains imbru'd with *Hector's* blood,

Saw

Saw the slain Partner of her lawless joy,
 A murder'd *Priam*, and a flaming *Troy*.
 She heav'd a groan, and clos'd her tear-stain'd eye
 Lest she might see the *Grecian* Heroes die——
 In vain—*Patroclus* rises to her sight,
 Drefs'd in the reddest horrors of the fight;
 Link'd with his friend the great *Achilles* rose,
 The tow'r of *Greece*, and terror of her foes:
 Stern *Ajax* frown'd upon the gory field,
 Longing in death to grasp *Pelides'* shield——
 Vainly she strives to put them from her mind,
 Her guilt hears groans in ev'ry whisp'ring wind;
 See plated *Mars*, high on his crimson car
 Laugh 'midst the spreading tumult of the war;
 Now sees the *Greeks* and now the *Trojans* fly,
 And hears one death-fraught thunder rend the sky.—

She

She heard—and struck with horror at the scene,
 On earth's cold bosom sunk the hapless Queen.
 In duteous haste her virgins round her press,
 Heave sigh for sigh, and grieve for her distress;
 Anxious each balm to sooth her woes they seek,
 And bid its native roses tinge her cheek.
 Fruitless their care—In tears they raise her head,
 Where Lilies wept their sister Roses dead.
 Hark!—the kind streamlet from the neighb'ring trees
 In gentle murmurs chides the noisy breeze—
 The noisy breeze the sweet reproof obey'd,
 Beheld the Fair, and dy'd along the glade.

Behold her, thou, whose passions long to rove
 Careless of honour and connubial love,
 And learn that, though enamour'd of her charms
 Her doating Lord had ta'en her to his arms

Again,

Again, restor'd her to his bed and throne,
And to the world acknowledg'd her his own—
Yet not his pardon, nor his throne combin'd
Cou'd ease the pangs that agoniz'd her mind.

EPITAPHIUM

E P I T A P H I U M.

SISTE viator!

Hic sepulta jacent ossa

JOSEPHI INCHBALD, HISTRIONIS :

Qui æqualium suorum

In Fictis Scænarum facile Princeps evasit,

Virtutisque in Veris Vitæ claruit exemplar.

Procul este, invida Superstitio,

Et mala suadens religionis turbidus Amor!—

Vestris enim ingratiis, hic lapis omnibus prædicabit,

Quòd in his humi sacræ carceribus

Vir recti semper tenax,

Sociis charus, in pauperes benignus,

Pater optimus, Maritus fidelis,

Societatis

Societatis jurum in cunctis observantissimus

Otii gaudium, necnon feriorum ornamentum,

Expectans

De clementiâ Numinis immortalis

Æternâ frui felicitate

Requiescit.

JOSEPHUS INCHBALD

Annum agens quadragesimum quartum

Octavo iduum Junii

Mortem obiit

ANNO MDCCLXXIX.

E

O D E

O D E

TO THE

M E M O R Y

O F

MR. I N C H B A L D.

WHAT time the weak-ey'd Owl, on twilight wing
Slow borne, her vesper scream'd to Eve, and rous'd
The lazy wing of Bat
With Beetle's fullen hum,
Friendship, and she, the maid of pensive mien,
Pale Melancholy point my sorrowing steps
To meditate the dead
And give my Friend a tear.

Here

Here let me pause—and pay that tear I owe :

Silent it trickles down my cheek, and drops

Upon the recent sod

That lightly clasps his heart.

But ah! how vain—Nor flatt'ry's pow'r, nor wealth's,

Nor friendship's tear, nor widow'd ANNA's voice,

Sweet as the harps of Heav'n,

Can move the tyrant Death.

Hence ye impure!—for hark—around his grave

The Sisters chaste, the Sisters whom he lov'd,

In nine-fold cadence

Chaunt immortal harmony.

'Tis done—'tis done—The well-earn'd laurel spreads

Its verdant foliage o'er his honour'd clay :

Again the Muses sing—

Thalia's was the deed,

Thou honest man, farewell!—I wou'd not stain
Thy worth with praise—yet not the bright-hair'd King,
Who wooes the rosy morn,
And west'ring skirts the sky
With ruddy gold and purple, e'er shall see
Thy likeness—nor yon paly Crescent call
Her weeping dew to kiss
A turf more lov'd than thine.

THE CIRCASSIAN.

To MISS — —.

*J*OVE lately took it in his head
To give the Gods a masquerade,
And sent his footman *Hermes* out
With cards to ask them to the rout.
Iris, a milliner of taste,
Hand-bills sent forth thro' Heav'n in haste,
To tell the Goddesses she'd laid in
Fresh goods against the masquerading.
The Ladies all were in a pothor,
And hoping each to outvie t'other
Bade her make up their silks and laces—
Venus employ'd the Sister Graces:

Who

Who all agreed Love's Queen shou'd dress
 As a CIRCASSIAN Shepherdess—
 The Graces always fancy well—
 Quick to their work the Sisters fell,
 Finish'd it in a day or two,
 Try'd it on *Venus*, and withdrew,
 Who beg'd them first with earnest pray'r
 To come next day and dress her hair :
 Then in her kirtle tripp'd about,
 And soon with this or that fell out ;
 Till, vex'd to death, young *Cupid* cries
 “ You Ladies are such oddities !—
 “ I'm sure, Mama, you quite mistake it,
 “ It fits as neat as hands can make it,
 “ There's not a single thread amiss ”—
 She smil'd—and gave the Boy a kiss ;

When

When bolder grown, by *Styx* he swore
 “ She ne’er look’d half so well before.”—
 To bed she went—thought all was right—
 But cou’dn’t sleep a wink that night.
 Next ev’ning came the Graces three,
 And *Venus* had ’em in to tea.
 (In great-ones nothing shews so well
 As ’haviour kind and affable.)
 Well—after pitying the Moon
 For tripping with *Endymion*;
 And calling royal *Juno* scold,
 And twenty harmless tales o’ertold—
 Says *Venus*, looking at her watch,
 “ Ladies, egad we must dispatch,
 “ For see—it’s almost nine o’clock—
 “ *Euphrosyne*, come smooth this lock—

“ *Pasithea* reach my dressing-gown,

“ *Thalia* take my toupée down,

“ And let its ringlets kiss my head

“ Loose, as when on wat’ry bed

“ In smiles I woke to life divine—

“ And here and there a rose entwine

“ Adown that braid”—Says Miss, “ I doubt it

“ Won’t look so well as ’twould without it,

“ These threads of gold”—“ I will have one,

“ Miss Grace, you know it’s quite the Ton.”

(So it is possible we see

That Ton and Grace may disagree.)

Her locks ethereal now were dress’d

“ Come, bring me my Circassian vest.”

“ Where is it, Ma’am?—“I’th’ middle drawer”—

Pasithea went—her Sisters saw her

Turn

Turn pale—she cries, “ we’re all undone”—
“ How so ? ”—“ Lord, Ma’am, the dress is gone.”—
The Graces sobbings can’t be painted
Poor *Venus* only sigh’d—and fainted.
“ Here, reach the Hartshorn Drops,” says one—
“ Fresh water,” t’other—t’other “ run
“ For *Esculapius*”—“ Greater need
“ Of Doctor *Phæbus*”—“ He don’t bleed,
“ Alas!” cries one—“ and in this case
“ She shou’d be bled”—“ Ay”—“ Cut her lacc.”—
Nothing was done of all they said,
For each commanded, none obey’d.—
Here *Cupid* with his play-mate came,
Soft *Ganymede*, to see the Dame.
For *Venus*, knowing not a chair
That night in Heav’n wou’d be to spare,

Nor coach for love or coin be had,
 Very politely told the Lad
 That he should be her 'Squire, and ride
 That night with *Cupid* at her side
 In her own chariot, drawn by Doves,
 And lackied by a thousand Loves—
 Ent'ring her room, the Fair they found
 Rising recover'd from the ground.
 Arch *Cupid*, looking earnest at her,
 Climb'd on her knee, and "what's the matter,
 "Mama?" says he—"My pretty Boy,
 "My drefs, my pride, my only joy
 "Is gone, is gone."—"Mama, what drefs?"—
 "Why, my new PERSIAN Shepherdefs!

"The best CIRCASSIAN prankt with pink
 "Was it?—"Ay, ay"—The Graces wink—

Gan shook his head, and *Venus* sigh'd—

And roguish *Cupid* laughing cry'd,

“ That habit, Ma'am, I gave away

“ To lively *Sappho*”—“ When?—“ To-day—

“ The truth-bearing Graces there

“ (The Graces nurs'd my blooming Fair)

“ But yester ev'ning said they knew

“ She wou'd look lovelier in't than you.

Venus and *Cupid* 'gan to scold,

While *Gany* flew to Heav'n and told

The Gods the tale—“ And see,” he said,

Pointing to earth, “ see there's the Maid,

“ The sweet CIRCASSIAN, my sworn Brother

“ Thinks so much lovelier than his Mother.”—

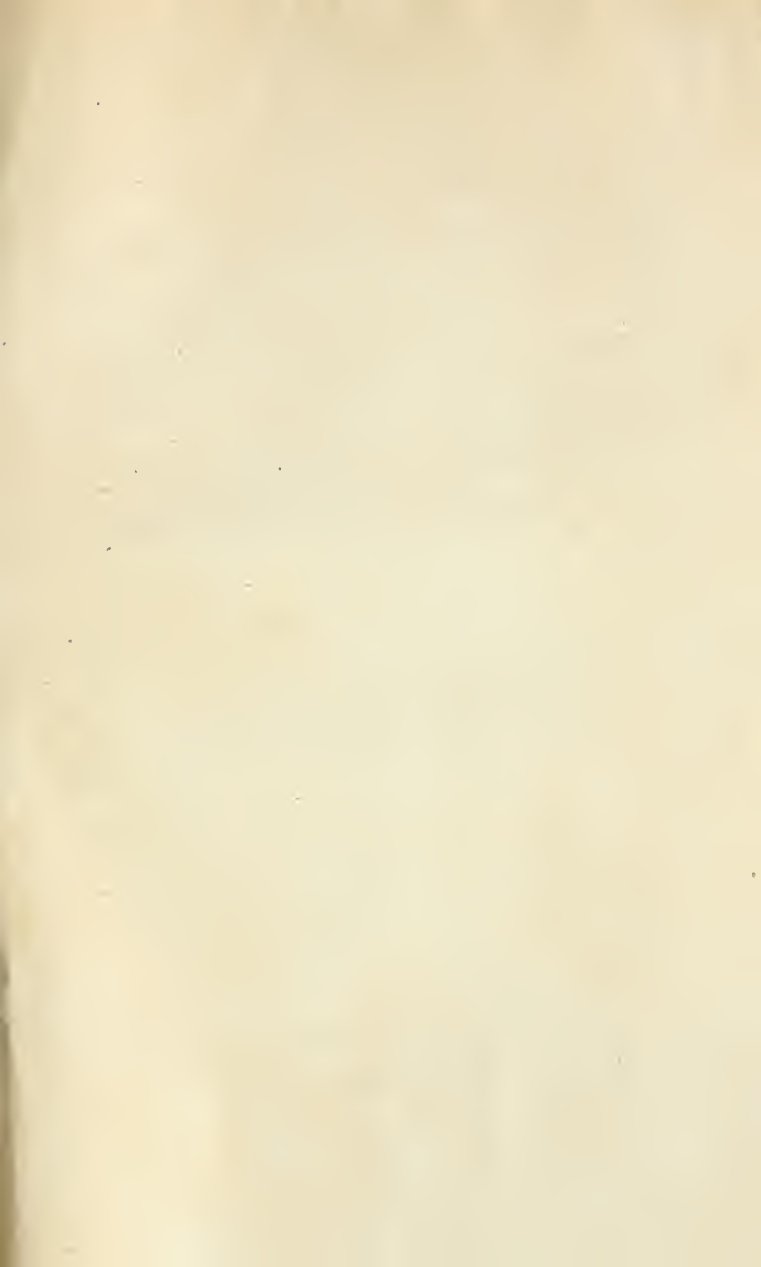
“ Is that the Maid?” says *Jove*—“ I find

“ Our cousin *Cupid* isn't blind

“ For

“ For tho’ the Rogue forgot his duty,
“ Yet he’s a perfect judge of Beauty.”

F I N I S.



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